#2 · $3.95 US $5.75 CAN
SLG!
I FEEL SICK

I FEEL SICK #2

ALTERNATE TITLES FOR THIS BOOK : I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, GODDAMN RASH, I AM GOING TO VOMIT, DO THIS SMELL?, WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH ME? STAND BACK WHILE I POOP BLOOD, WHO NEEDS HELL WHEN PAIN LIKE THIS EXISTS ON EARTH?

written, drawn and packed with the meat of head-clubbed infants

by

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I sit writing this after a quick trip to the store for a Slurpee and a pocketful of all sorts of candy. I had this horrible gummi pizza thing that tasted like I imagine shit would from the ass of a gummi bear. So, now I'm staring at this screen, trying to ignore the blasphemy of snacks held deep within the darkest, most volatile chambers of me belly. OoooooOOoooooghh. Anyhow, this little square exists to warn people to not pull any fucked up shit using my work cuz they make money that I could use to pay for stomach pumps and rubber bedsheets. This has little effect however, as assholes are inherently ignorant, yes? Rikki stunk up the bathroom after a week of eating nothing but Gummi worms.

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•/•/•• : I dreamed my brain fell out of my head, and wanted to grow a new body. It was crying and telling me that I didn't use it anymore, and that I've been looking at "all those other brains" too much. I woke up and had my brush in my hands, and it made me feel like shit.

•/•/•• : Haven't touched a painting in over a week (and that's just the shit I'm doing for the job). My personal work is even more neglected, and just sitting there on the floor of the drawing room. The temptation to just be happy to sit around fucking off while my hands are cut up has been....well, tempting. But I push it out of my head the second I realize there's not a single other thing that makes a decent case for my attention.

•/•/•• : The doll's been singing all the songs it knows I hate. I was trying to just mix some inks so that I'd have what I needed to work as soon as my hands could touch something without feeling excrucuating agony. I don't like when the agony happens. I really don't.

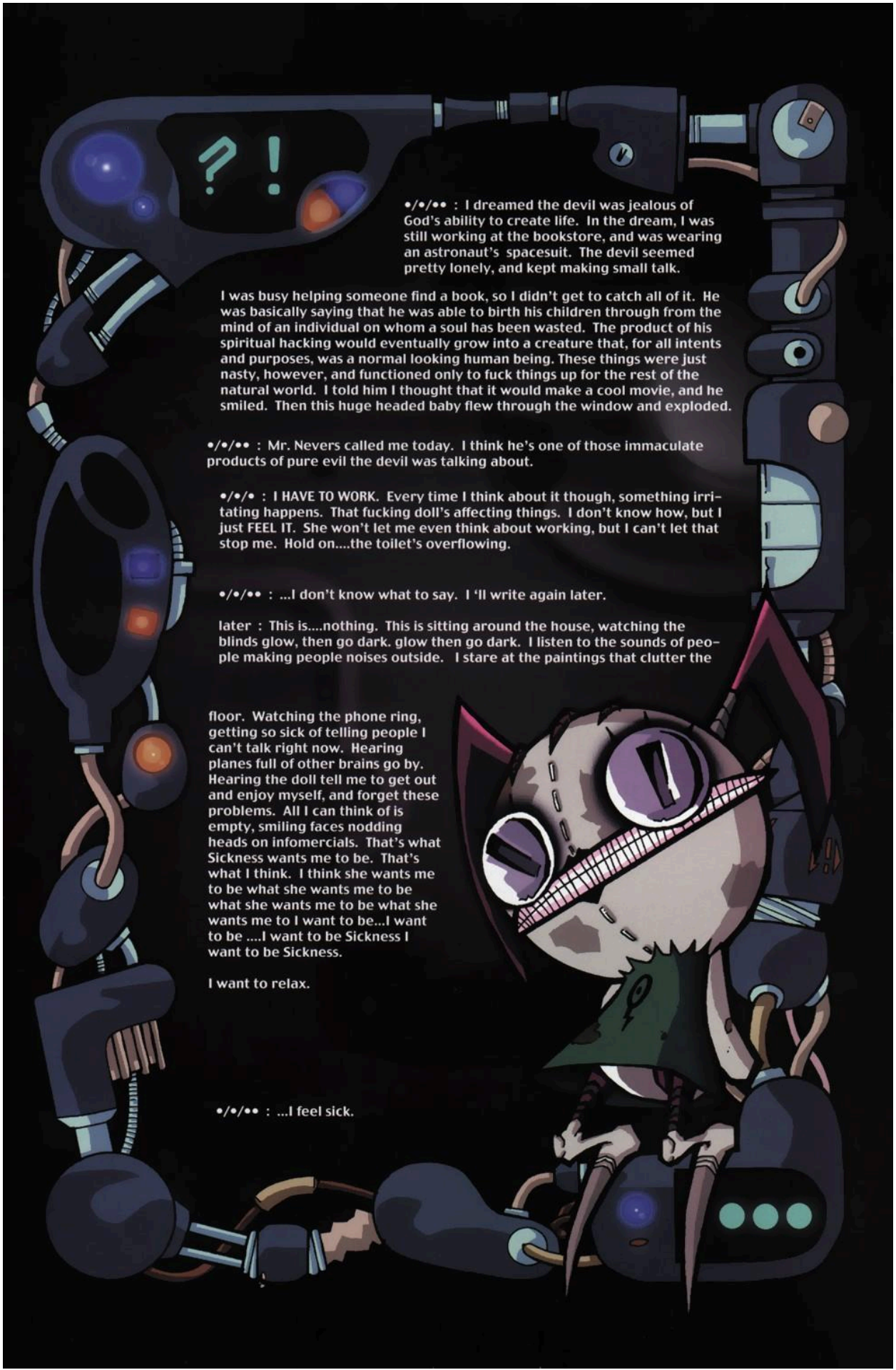
•/•/• : I've got a meeting with Mr. Nevers later next week. He wants to see the progress on the images from the mutant children book. There's really not that much to show. I haven't told them about my hands (I'm sort of hoping he'll be disgusted with my lack of productivity and fire me). I dream of being a homeless she-bum painting on walls with roadkill entrails, and feces, with not a single person to tell me to change it this way or that because testing groups respond a certain way to cat feces over human feces.

One of the good things about my hands being wrapped in bandages is that the electric shocks have died off a bit.

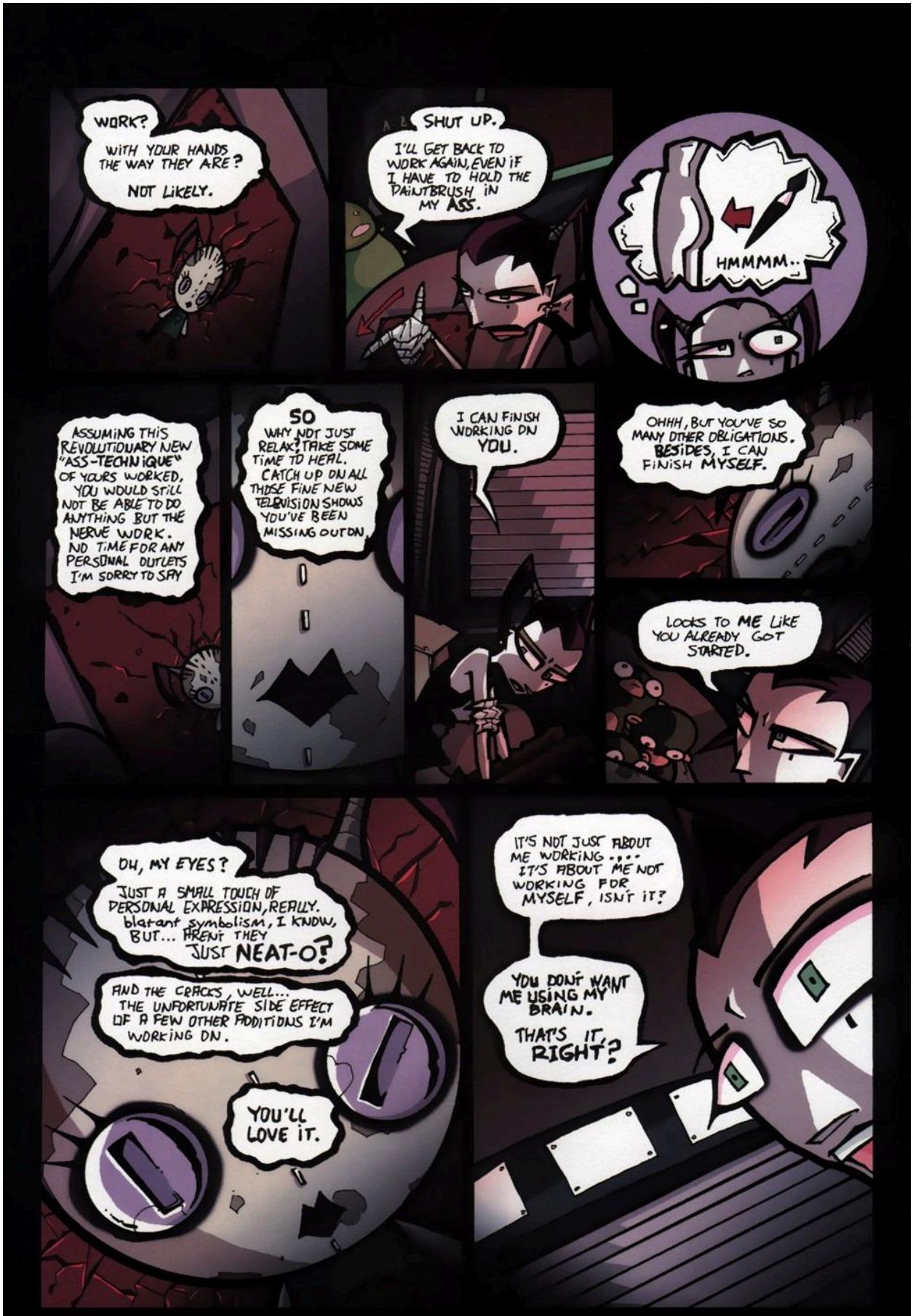
•/•/• : I hate myself when I don't work. I hate that it makes me this miserable. The longer I stay away from getting the pictures out of my head, the worse the world looks to me. Sounds are tinnier, colors too garish, voices too irritating. I see people's faces in that scanning electron microscope kind of way, pitted and crawling with grease and filth and writhing bacteria.

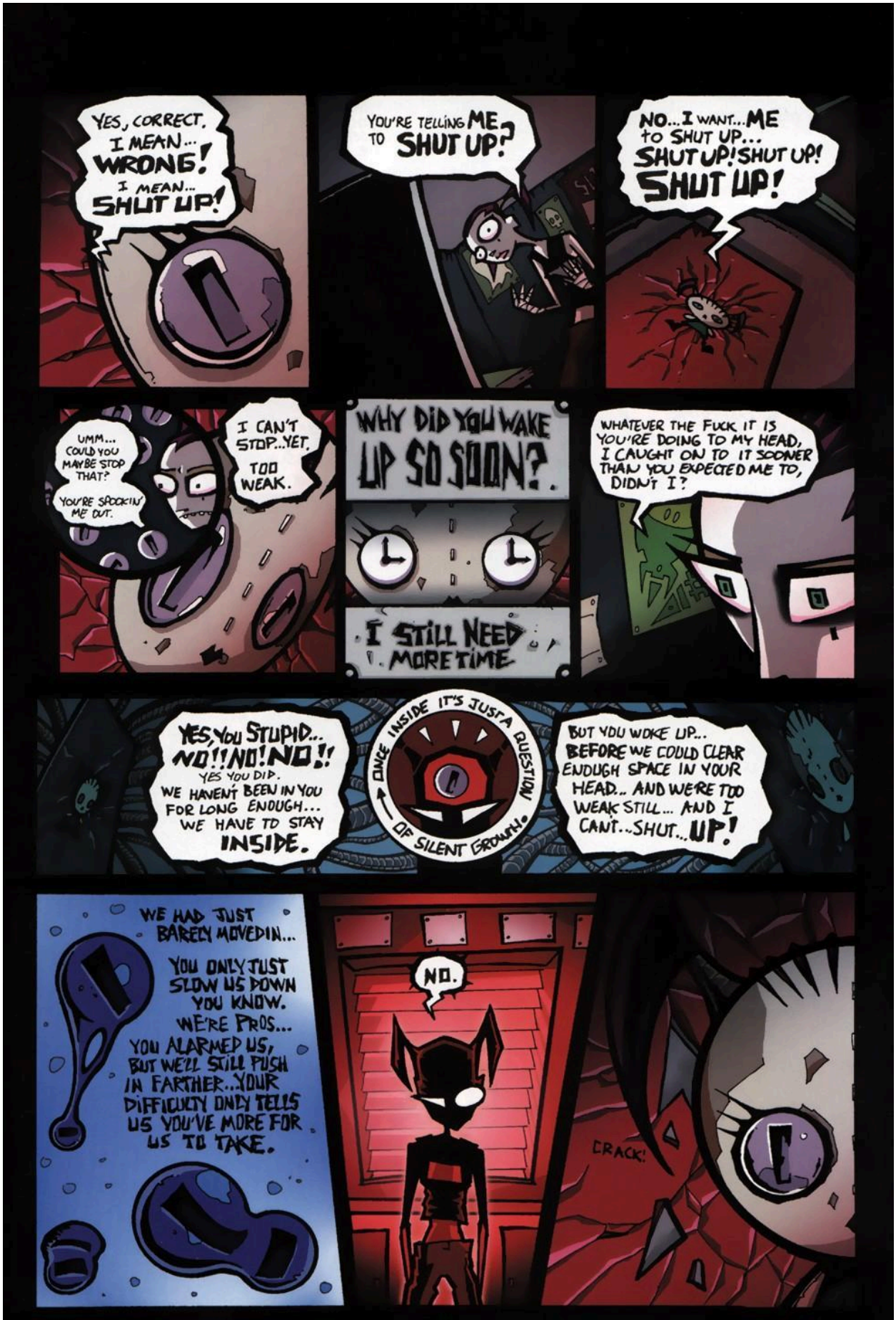
PEOPLE... I can deal with them at most other times, but right now, with all this shit going on, I have to bite down on my mangled hands just to keep myself from vomiting on them. Tenna's been calling again. I miss her. I wish she'd be content with knowing that and just leave me the hell alone until I can work all of this out.

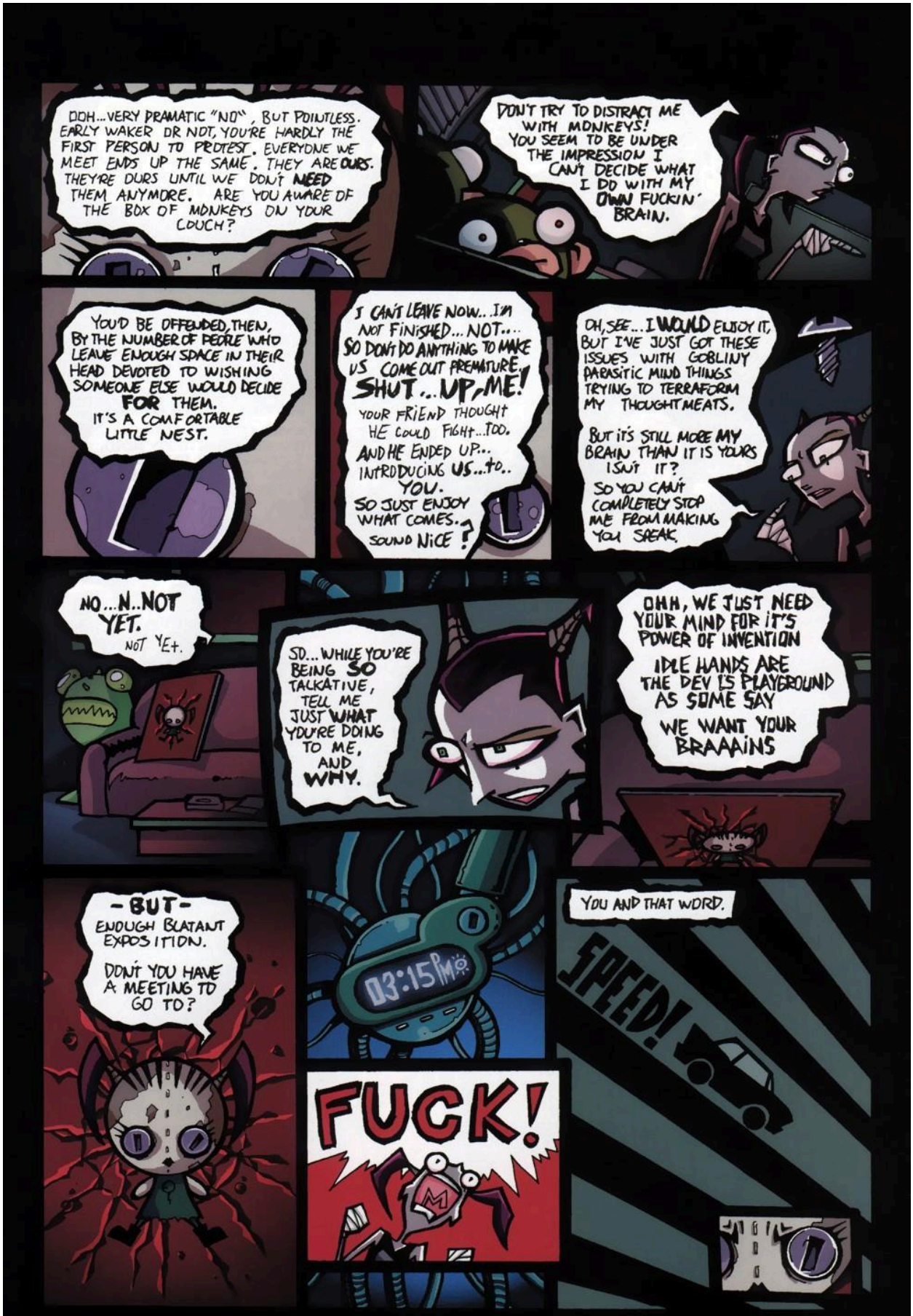
•/•/• : I dropped a box of paints, and the psychic fat lady downstairs complained to the manager that I was not dying in a plane crash soon enough.


?!
•/•/•• : I dreamed the devil was jealous of God's ability to create life. In the dream, I was still working at the bookstore, and was wearing an astronaut's spacesuit. The devil seemed pretty lonely, and kept making small talk.
I was busy helping someone find a book, so I didn't get to catch all of it. He was basically saying that he was able to birth his children through from the mind of an individual on whom a soul has been wasted. The product of his spiritual hacking would eventually grow into a creature that, for all intents and purposes, was a normal looking human being. These things were just nasty, however, and functioned only to fuck things up for the rest of the natural world. I told him I thought that it would make a cool movie, and he smiled. Then this huge headed baby flew through the window and exploded.
•/•/•• : Mr. Nevers called me today. I think he's one of those immaculate products of pure evil the devil was talking about.
•/•/• : I HAVE TO WORK. Every time I think about it though, something irritating happens. That fucking doll's affecting things. I don't know how, but I just FEEL IT. She won't let me even think about working, but I can't let that stop me. Hold on....the toilet's overflowing.
•/•/•• : ...I don't know what to say. I 'll write again later.
later : This is....nothing. This is sitting around the house, watching the blinds glow, then go dark. glow then go dark. I listen to the sounds of people making people noises outside. I stare at the paintings that clutter the floor. Watching the phone ring, getting so sick of telling people I can't talk right now. Hearing planes full of other brains go by. Hearing the doll tell me to get out and enjoy myself, and forget these problems. All I can think of is empty, smiling faces nodding heads on infomercials. That's what Sickness wants me to be. That's what I think. I think she wants me to be what she wants me to be what she wants me to be what she wants me to I want to be...I want to be ....I want to be Sickness I want to be Sickness.
I want to relax.
•/•/•• : ...I feel sick.

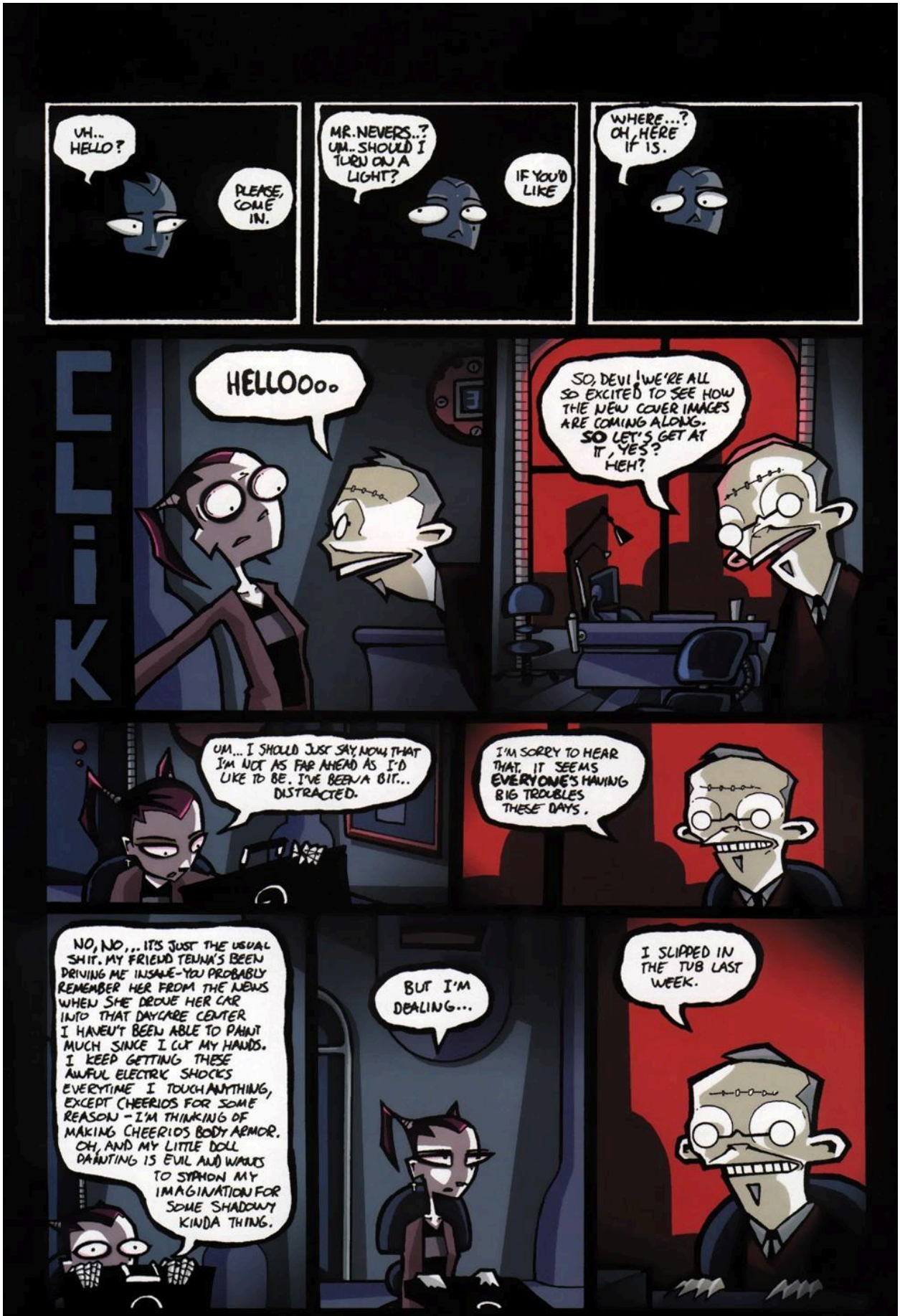
MONKEYS
YOU KNOW, YOU SHOULD REALLY GET OUT MORE. MAYBE GO TO A MOVIE. YOU LOVE MOVIES.
I CAN'T.
I HAVE TO WORK.


WORK?
WITH YOUR HANDS THE WAY THEY ARE?
NOT LIKELY.
SHUT UP.
I'LL GET BACK TO WORK AGAIN, EVEN IF I HAVE TO HOLD THE PAINTBRUSH IN MY ASS.
HMMMM..
ASSUMING THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW "ASS-TECHNIQUE" OF YOURS WORKED, YOU WOULD STILL NOT BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING BUT THE NERVE WORK. NO TIME FOR ANY PERSONAL OUTLETS I'M SORRY TO SAY
SO WHY NOT JUST RELAX? TAKE SOME TIME TO HEAL. CATCH UP ON ALL THOSE FINE NEW TELEVISION SHOWS YOU'VE BEEN MISSING OUT ON.
I CAN FINISH WORKING ON YOU.
OHHH, BUT YOU'VE SO MANY OTHER OBLIGATIONS. BESIDES, I CAN FINISH MYSELF.
LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU ALREADY GOT STARTED.
OH, MY EYES?
JUST A SMALL TOUCH OF PERSONAL EXPRESSION, REALLY. blatant symbolism, I KNOW, BUT... AREN'T THEY JUST NEAT-O?
AND THE CRACKS, WELL... THE UNFORTUNATE SIDE EFFECT OF A FEW OTHER ADDITIONS I'M WORKING ON.
YOU'LL LOVE IT.
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT ME WORKING.... IT'S ABOUT ME NOT WORKING FOR MYSELF, ISN'T IT?
YOU DON'T WANT ME USING MY BRAIN.
THAT'S IT, RIGHT?


YES, CORRECT. I MEAN... WRONG! I MEAN... SHUT UP!
YOU'RE TELLING ME TO SHUT UP?
NO... I WANT... ME TO SHUT UP... SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!
UMM... COULD YOU MAYBE STOP THAT?
YOU'RE SPOOKIN' ME OUT.
I CAN'T STOP... YET. TOO WEAK.
WHY DID YOU WAKE UP SO SOON?
I STILL NEED MORE TIME
WHATEVER THE FUCK IT IS YOU'RE DOING TO MY HEAD, I CAUGHT ON TO IT SOONER THAN YOU EXPECTED ME TO, DIDN'T I?
YES, YOU STUPID... NO!! NO! NO!! YES YOU DID. WE HAVEN'T BEEN IN YOU FOR LONG ENOUGH... WE HAVE TO STAY INSIDE.
ONCE INSIDE IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF SILENT GROWTH.
BUT YOU WOKE UP... BEFORE WE COULD CLEAR ENOUGH SPACE IN YOUR HEAD... AND WE'RE TOO WEAK STILL... AND I CAN'T... SHUT... UP!
WE HAD JUST BARELY MOVED IN... YOU ONLY JUST SLOW US DOWN YOU KNOW. WE'RE PROS... YOU ALARMED US, BUT WE'LL STILL PUSH IN FARTHER... YOUR DIFFICULTY ONLY TELLS US YOU'VE MORE FOR US TO TAKE.
NO.
CRACK!

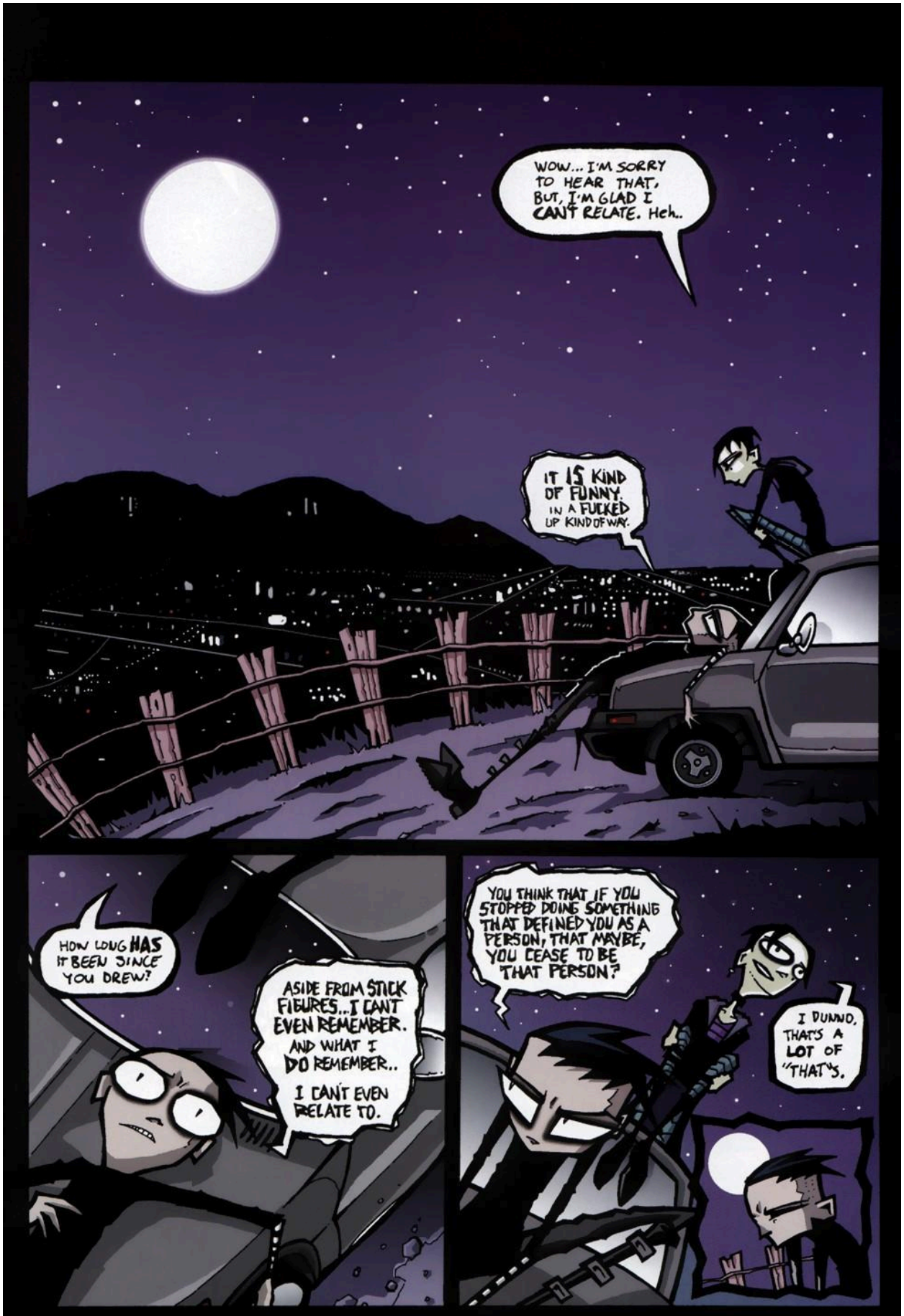

OOH... VERY DRAMATIC "NO", BUT POINTLESS. EARLY WAKER OR NOT, YOU'RE HARDLY THE FIRST PERSON TO PROTEST. EVERYONE WE MEET ENDS UP THE SAME. THEY ARE OURS. THEY'RE OURS UNTIL WE DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE. ARE YOU AWARE OF THE BOX OF MONKEYS ON YOUR COUCH?
DON'T TRY TO DISTRACT ME WITH MONKEYS! YOU SEEM TO BE UNDER THE IMPRESSION I CAN'T DECIDE WHAT I DO WITH MY OWN FUCKIN' BRAIN.
YOU'D BE OFFENDED, THEN, BY THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO LEAVE ENOUGH SPACE IN THEIR HEAD DEVOTED TO WISHING SOMEONE ELSE WOULD DECIDE FOR THEM. IT'S A COMFORTABLE LITTLE NEST.
I CAN'T LEAVE NOW... I'M NOT FINISHED... NOT... SO DON'T DO ANYTHING TO MAKE US COME OUT PREMATURE. SHUT... UP, ME!
YOUR FRIEND THOUGHT HE COULD FIGHT... TOO. AND HE ENDED UP... INTRODUCING US... TO.. YOU. SO JUST ENJOY WHAT COMES. SOUND NICE?
OH, SEE... I WOULD ENJOY IT, BUT I'VE JUST GOT THESE ISSUES WITH GOBLINY PARASITIC MIND THINGS TRYING TO TERRAFORM MY THOUGHTMEATS.
BUT IT'S STILL MORE MY BRAIN THAN IT IS YOURS ISN'T IT? SO YOU CAN'T COMPLETELY STOP ME FROM MAKING YOU SPEAK.
NO... N.. NOT YET.
NOT YET.
SO... WHILE YOU'RE BEING SO TALKATIVE, TELL ME JUST WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME, AND WHY.
OHH, WE JUST NEED YOUR MIND FOR IT'S POWER OF INVENTION
IDLE HANDS ARE THE DEV IS PLAYGROUND AS SOME SAY
WE WANT YOUR BRAAAINS
-BUT- ENOUGH BLATANT EXPOSITION.
DON'T YOU HAVE A MEETING TO GO TO?
03:15 PM
FUCK!
YOU AND THAT WORD.
SPEED!

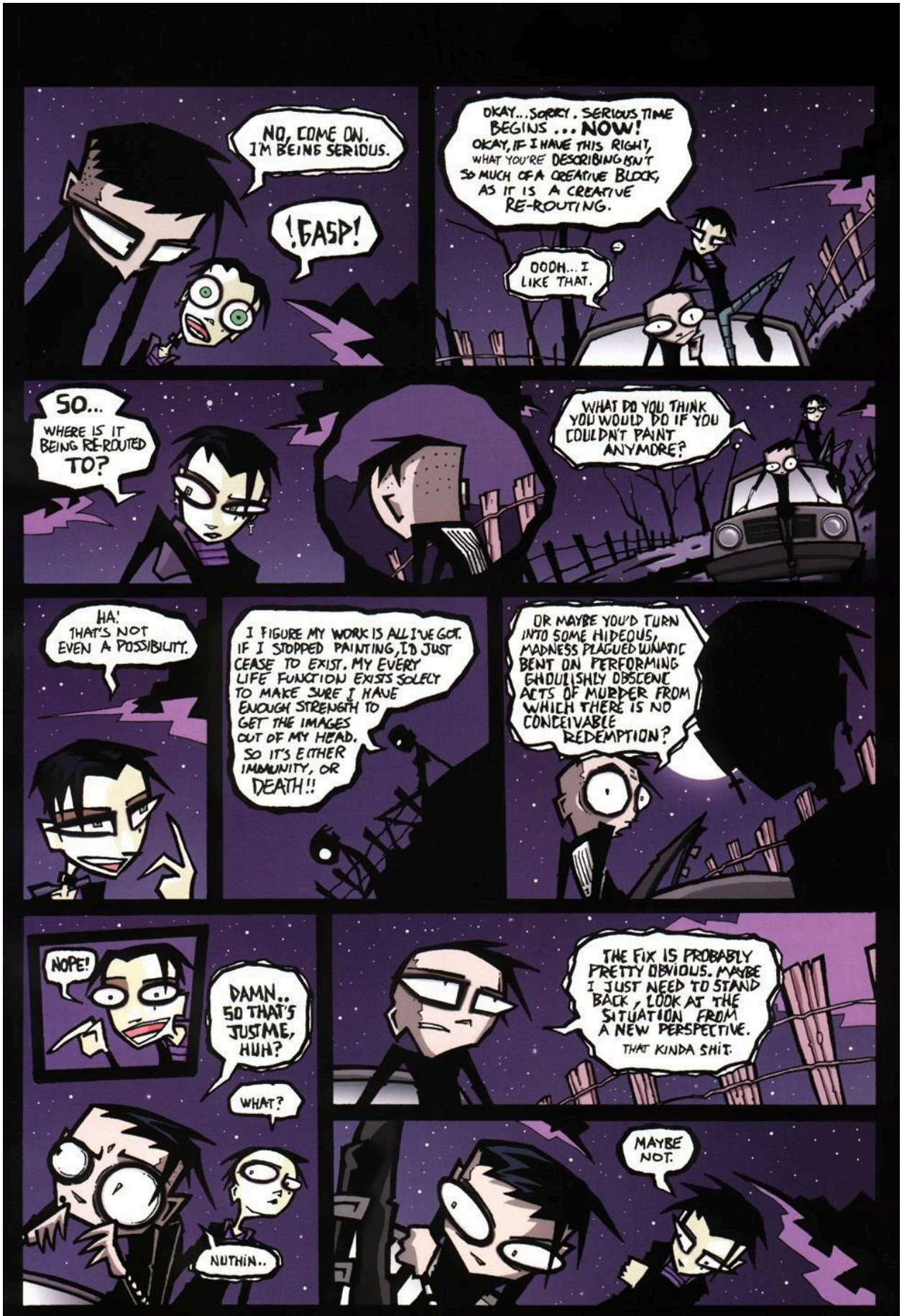
MR. NEVERS, YOUR 3 O'CLOCK JUST CALLED TO SAY SHE'D BE A LITTLE LATE.
THANK YOU.
NERVE PUBLISHING
HELLO™
...AND HE JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE NECESSITY OF AN INVASIVE, DISRUPTIVE ELEMENT IN THE CREATIVE PROCESS WHEN BUSINESS IS INVOLVED.
SOON WE WILL EXTRACT HIS ESSENCE.
GRAPHIC ARTS
NERVE PUBLISHING
HE'LL BE WITH YOU IN JUST A MOMENT.
TM
OKAY, BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING GEORGE, LET'S RUN THIS BY CORPORATE, MM KAY?
PLEASE, I JUST A JANITOR. I HAVE TO CHANGE TRASH.
MR. NEVERS WILL SEE YOU NOW, MISS.

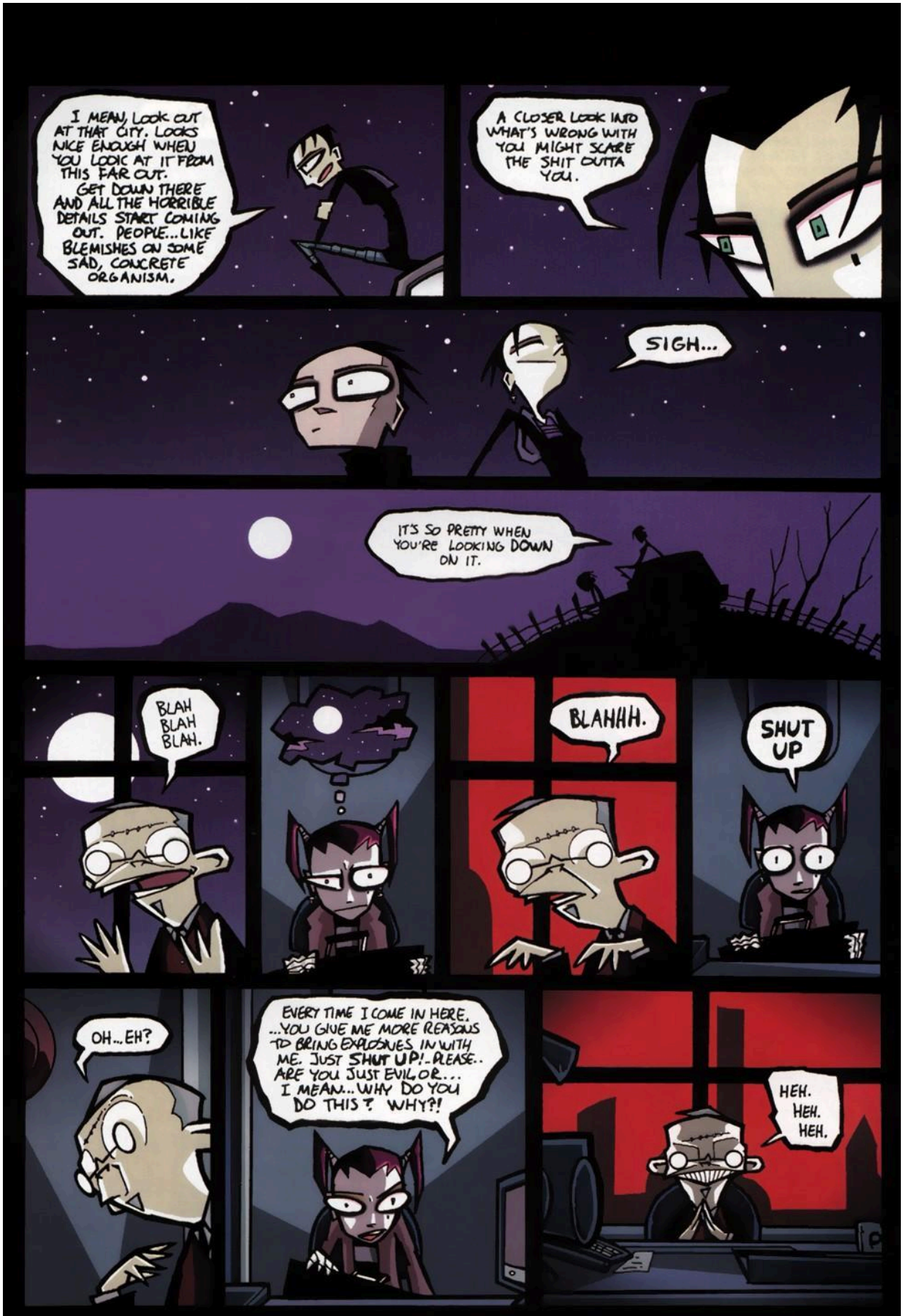

UH... HELLO?
PLEASE, COME IN.
MR. NEVERS..? UM.. SHOULD I TURN ON A LIGHT?
IF YOU'D LIKE
WHERE...? OH, HERE IT IS.
HELLOOo.
SO, DEVI! WE'RE ALL SO EXCITED TO SEE HOW THE NEW COVER IMAGES ARE COMING ALONG. SO LET'S GET AT IT, YES? HEH?
UM... I SHOULD JUST SAY, NOW THAT I'M NOT AS FAR AHEAD AS I'D LIKE TO BE. I'VE BEEN A BIT... DISTRACTED.
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT. IT SEEMS EVERYONE'S HAVING BIG TROUBLES THESE DAYS.
NO, NO,.. IT'S JUST THE USUAL SHIT. MY FRIEND TENNA'S BEEN DRIVING ME INSANE-YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER HER FROM THE NEWS WHEN SHE DROVE HER CAR INTO THAT DAYCARE CENTER I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PAINT MUCH SINCE I CUT MY HANDS. I KEEP GETTING THESE AWFUL ELECTRIC SHOCKS EVERYTIME I TOUCH ANYTHING, EXCEPT CHEERIOS FOR SOME REASON - I'M THINKING OF MAKING CHEERIOS BODY ARMOR. OH, AND MY LITTLE DOLL PAINTING IS EVIL AND WANTS TO SYPHON MY IMAGINATION FOR SOME SHADOWY KINDA THING.
BUT I'M DEALING...
I SLIPPED IN THE TUB LAST WEEK.

IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING YOU DIDN'T FINISH THE WORK, ACTUALLY.
SEE, WE HAVE SOME CHANGES WE'D LIKE INCORPORATED INTO THE FINAL PIECE.
CHANGES.
BUT YOU HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ANYTHING YET.
YES, BUT YOU SEE, WE'VE REFINED OUR REVISION PROCESS. WE MAKE ALTERATIONS BEFORE YOU'RE DONE WITH THE PREVIOUS REVISIONS, IT'S MUCH MORE EFFICIENT NOW.
I SHOULD BE USED TO THIS BY NOW... SO WHAT'S BEING CHANGED ABOUT THE PAINTING?
CUTE MONKEY IS GOOD
WE WANT YOU TO PUT A MONKEY IN THERE.
...
UHHH... BUT THERE'S NO MONKEY IN THIS BOOK. I MEAN, I READ THE THING, IT'S ABOUT KIDS IN A SMALL TOWN WHO GET EVIL POWERS FROM GNAWING ON CONTAMINATED ALUMINUM SIDING.
WHY THE... FUCK WOULD THERE BE A MONKEY ON THE COVER?
WELL OUR RESEARCH SHOWS THAT PEOPLE LOVE MONKEYS, A MONKEY ON THE COVER WOULD JUST ABOUT DOUBLE SALES. LOOK, WE DID A MOCK-UP OF WHAT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE WITH A COPY OF ONE OF YOUR EARLIER COVERS.
Click!
ZZZT!
EH? EHH? I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE THAT
I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU.

SURELY YOU GOT THE BOX OF INSPIRATIONAL MONKEYS WE SENT YOU? THERE WAS A NOTE INSIDE TELLING YOU MORE ABOUT WHAT WE HAD IN MIND.
NOPE. NOOOO... JUST A BIG FUCKIN' BOX OF MONKEYS THAT SHOWED UP. THANKS, BY THE WAY.
-TWITCH
DEVI... IF YOU'RE UNHAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING, I WANT YOU TO JUST TELL ME. I KNOW HOW HARD IT CAN BE HAVING PEOPLE TELL YOU HOW TO BE CREATIVE. OR SO I'M TOLD.
BUT I CAN TELL YOU, NO MATTER WHAT, THERE ARE SACRIFICES TO BE MADE, IF YOU WANT TO GET ANYWHERE IN A BUSINESS LIKE THIS.
I, MYSELF, WOULDN'T EVEN BE IN MY POSITION HERE HAD I NOT HAD ALL THE CREATIVE CENTERS OF MY BRAIN SURGICALLY REMOVED.
BLAHBLAHBLAHBLAHBLZZZZZ
YOUR FRIEND THOUGHT HE COULD FIGHT, TOO.
ZZZZZZ
YOUR FRIEND THOUGHT HE COULD FIGHT...TOO.
AND HE ENDED UP...
UR FRIEND THOUGHT HE COULD FIGHT


WOW... I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, BUT, I'M GLAD I CAN'T RELATE. Heh..
IT IS KIND OF FUNNY. IN A FUCKED UP KIND OF WAY.
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE YOU DREW?
ASIDE FROM STICK FIGURES...I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER. AND WHAT I DO REMEMBER.. I CAN'T EVEN RELATE TO.
YOU THINK THAT IF YOU STOPPED DOING SOMETHING THAT DEFINED YOU AS A PERSON, THAT MAYBE, YOU CEASE TO BE THAT PERSON?
I DUNNO, THAT'S A LOT OF "THAT"S.


NO, COME ON. I'M BEING SERIOUS.
!GASP!
OKAY... SORRY. SERIOUS TIME BEGINS ... NOW! OKAY, IF I HAVE THIS RIGHT, WHAT YOU'RE DESCRIBING ISN'T SO MUCH OF A CREATIVE BLOCK, AS IT IS A CREATIVE RE-ROUTING.
OOOH... I LIKE THAT.
SO... WHERE IS IT BEING RE-ROUTED TO?
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD DO IF YOU COULDN'T PAINT ANYMORE?
HA! THAT'S NOT EVEN A POSSIBILITY.
I FIGURE MY WORK IS ALL I'VE GOT. IF I STOPPED PAINTING, I'D JUST CEASE TO EXIST. MY EVERY LIFE FUNCTION EXISTS SOLELY TO MAKE SURE I HAVE ENOUGH STRENGTH TO GET THE IMAGES OUT OF MY HEAD. SO IT'S EITHER IMMUNITY, OR DEATH!!
OR MAYBE YOU'D TURN INTO SOME HIDEOUS, MADNESS PLAGUED LUNATIC BENT ON PERFORMING GHOULISHLY OBSCENE ACTS OF MURDER FROM WHICH THERE IS NO CONCEIVABLE REDEMPTION?
NOPE!
DAMN.. SO THAT'S JUST ME, HUH?
WHAT?
NUTHIN..
THE FIX IS PROBABLY PRETTY OBVIOUS. MAYBE I JUST NEED TO STAND BACK, LOOK AT THE SITUATION FROM A NEW PERSPECTIVE. THAT KINDA SHIT.
MAYBE NOT.


I MEAN, LOOK OUT AT THAT CITY. LOOKS NICE ENOUGH WHEN YOU LOOK AT IT FROM THIS FAR OUT.
GET DOWN THERE AND ALL THE HORRIBLE DETAILS START COMING OUT. PEOPLE... LIKE BLEMISHES ON SOME SAD, CONCRETE ORGANISM.
A CLOSER LOOK INTO WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU MIGHT SCARE THE SHIT OUTTA YOU.
SIGH...
IT'S SO PRETTY WHEN YOU'RE LOOKING DOWN ON IT.
BLAH BLAH BLAH.
BLAHHH.
SHUT UP
OH... EH?
EVERY TIME I COME IN HERE. ...YOU GIVE ME MORE REASONS TO BRING EXPLOSIVES IN WITH ME. JUST SHUT UP! - PLEASE.. ARE YOU JUST EVIL, OR... I MEAN... WHY DO YOU DO THIS? WHY?!
HEH. HEH. HEH.

DO YOU GET OFF ON DRIVING CREATIVE PEOPLE CRAZY BECAUSE OF SOME BITTERNESS ABOUT YOUR OWN LACK OF IMAGINATION?
YOU'RE RIGHT
MAKE IT A SPACE-PIGGY!
CLICK!
I QUIT.
YOU'RE JUST NOT A TEAM PLAYER! YOU REFUSE TO GIVE YOURSELF OVER TO THE COLLECTIVE! THERE ARE PLENTY MORE WORKERS WHO WOULD BE HAPPY TO HAVE THEIR WILLS BROKEN! HEE, HEEEE.
YOU'RE FUCKIN' INSANE! YOU THINK YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, REGARDLESS OF HOW MUCH SENSE IT MAKES. MONKEYS MY ASS. I'M THROUGH WITH THIS SHIT. SO LONG MR. NEVERS, YOU CRAZY, BRAINLESS ASSHOLE.
MWUAHAHAH HAHA HA!!
SUCH POWER!
YOUR 4 O'CLOCK IS HERE, MR. NEVERS.
OOH. SEND HIM IN.
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. NEVERS?
I'M GOING TO RAPE YOU UP THE BUTT AND THEN THROW YOU OUT THE WINDOW!
UM.

GOING DOWN?
WHYYYYYY!?
NERVE PUBLISHING
MEANWHILE.

DEADLY POTATO
HEY!
SQUEEK!
DEVI!
HEE HEE!
DOO DEE DOO.
SQUEEK! SQUEEK!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE ACTUALLY OUTSIDE!!
THIS IS A SPECIAL ...SNIFF...A SPECIAL MOMENT. I TAKE A PICTURE.
WAIT RIGHT THERE! I'M COMING DOWN! WE GOTTA GO OUT!
NO...NO...I REALLY NEED TO GET INSIDE AND WORK ON MY OWN STUFF AGAIN, TENNA. I CAN DO IT NOW. I SWEAR I'LL CALL YOU AS SOON AS I'M DONE, THOUGH. THIS JUST HAS TO HAPPEN.
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY NEEDS MY ZESTY BLEND OF JOY AND SPICES!
GOOD GOD! SPICES!
NOOO!!
HEY!

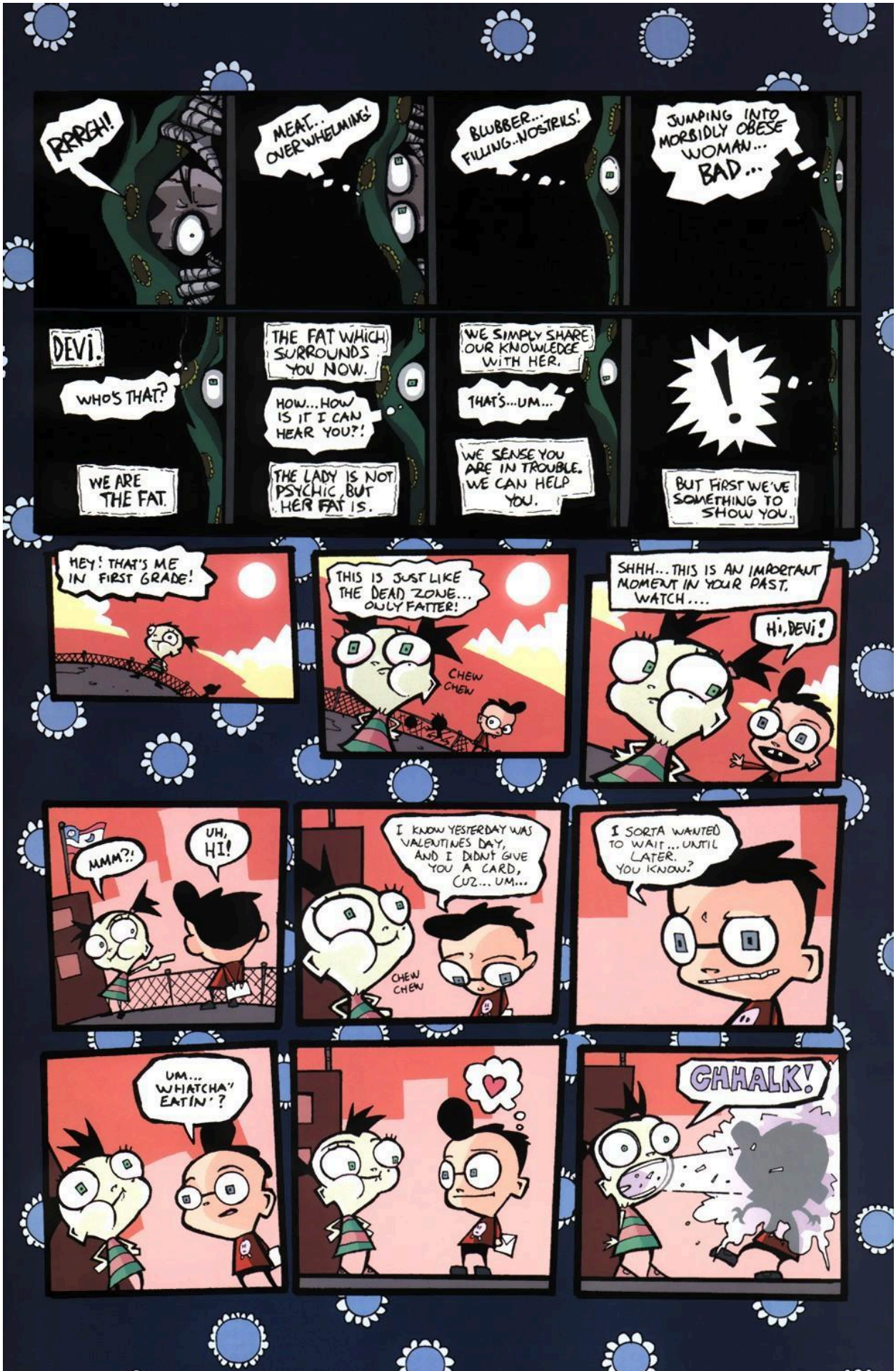
LOWER LEVEL
MUST PAINT. MUST PAINT. NO DISTRACTIONS. NO DISTRACTIONS.
UPPER LEVEL
YEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!
EVIL MONKEY!
MUST GET TO APARTMENT.
TAIRS
MOOF?
NOTHING... MUST... STOP ME
HEY!
GETTING CLOSER!
HUUAAGH!
THUK!
!
DEAD PUPPY!
THAT DEAD PUPPY WAS NEVER THERE BEFORE!
THE DOLL'S DOING THIS. SHE KNOWS I'M COMING.
BITCH!

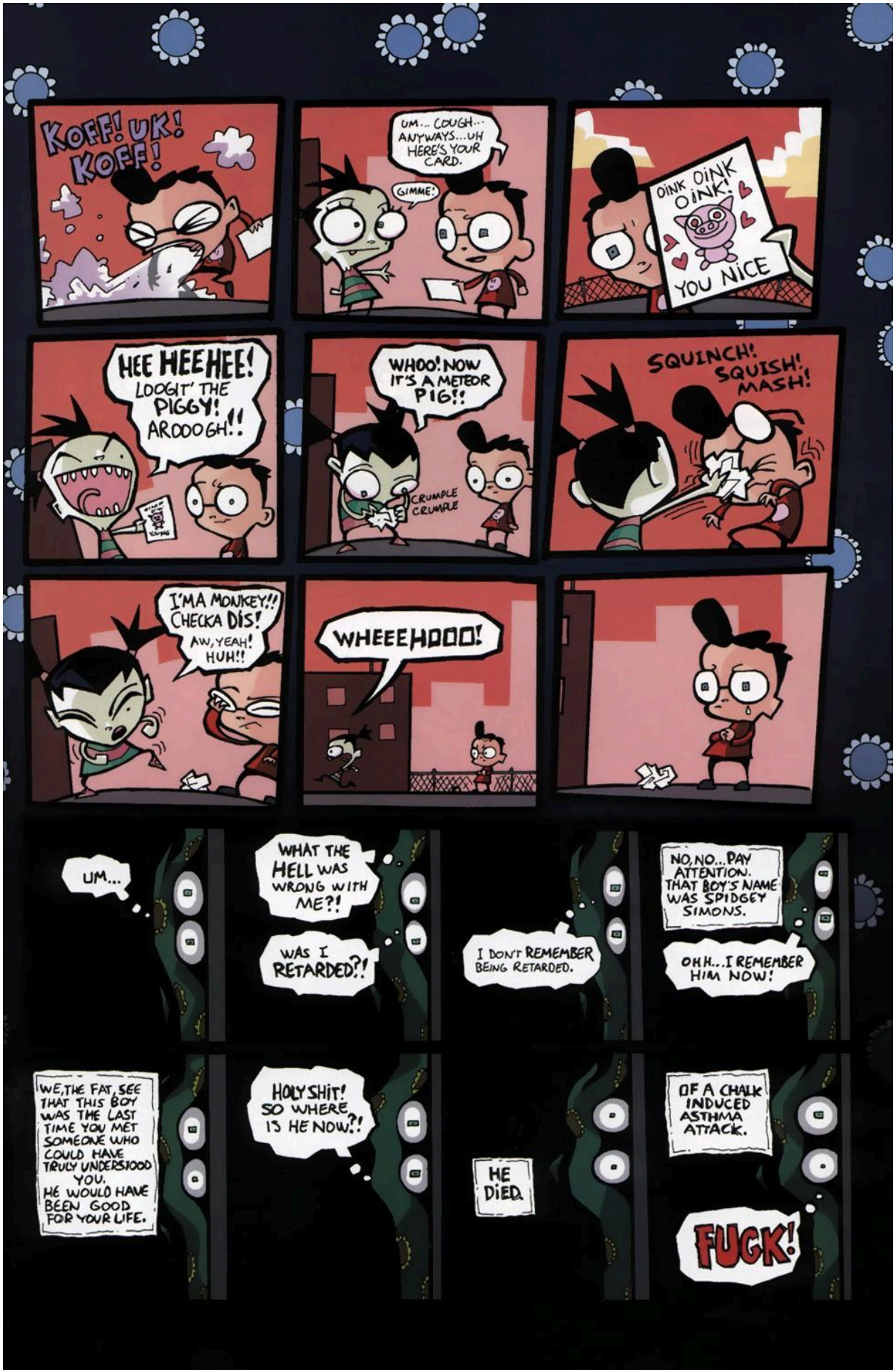
MIDDLE LEVEL
HUFF!
HUFF!
HUFF!!
STAIRS TO MIDDLE LEVEL
EEEEEEEEEE
SQUEEK!
YEEEEEEEEE!!
!
WHAT THE?
MOOF!
KID FROM DOWNSTAIRS WITH DEAD PUPPY ON HEAD!
THIS IS GETTING BIZARRE...
..HUH?
REEOOWRRR!!
FFT!!
REEEEEEE
YEEEEAAAGH!
REEODD!
AGH! EEK!
WHAK!
RRRRIP!!
SKVEESH!!

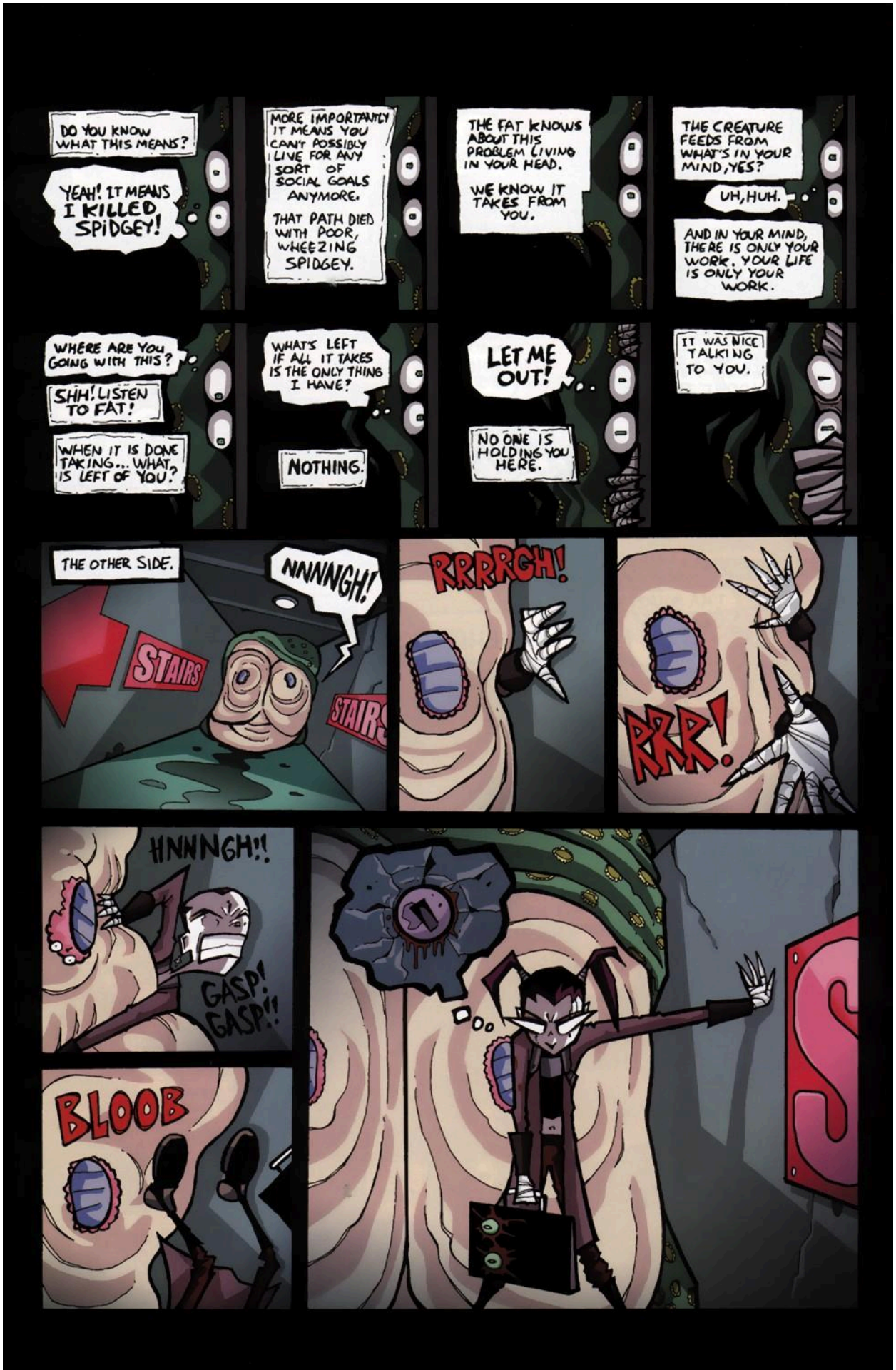
YOU'RE PANICKING, SICKNESS! BUT I'M STILL ON MY WAY!
EEEEEEEEEE
THE BEAST WHAT SQUEEKS!
I KNOW THE COOOLEST 24 HOUR NOODLE HOUSE!
MUST...RESIST... NOODLES.
SQUEEK.
SQUEEK! SQUEEK! SQUEEEEK!
OW... WHAT THE..? SOMETHING'S BURNING MY ARM!
AAARGH...CAT HAD ACID FOR BLOOD!!
SSSSSSSSSS
OW! OW! AGH!
NOOO! GET OFFA MEE!!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, TENNA!
BE MY MOMMEE EEEE!!
NOOM
I WUV YOOO!
STICK!
BAM!

HEY! GET OUTTA THE WAY!! I NEED TO USE THE STAIRS!
NAWWW, GIRLY. WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE WITH ME? I SHOW YOU MY NUT ZONE.
GOD
DAMMIT!
ALMOST THERE!
WHUH?
WHY CAN'T I SEE THE STAIRS?! THEY SHOULD BE RIGHT THERE! WHERE THE FUCK ARE THE STAIRS!?
THE PSYCHIC FAT LADY'S STUCK IN THE HALLWAY!

STUCK?
NO. SHE MOVIN'. SHE MOVIN' SLOW, BUT SHE MOVIN'. I CAN HEAR THE SQUISHIN'.
YOU'RE THE GIRL THAT LIVES UPSTAIRS FROM ME. ALWAYS MAKING SO MUCH NOISE. ALWAYS STOMPING AROUND. WHY HAVEN'T YOU DIED IN THAT PLANE CRASH YET?
YOU'VE BEEN A SHUTIN FOR YEARS!! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TRY AND LEAVE NOW?
I SENSED DANGER! IMPENDING DOOM. AND I NEED TO AIR OUT MY BEDSORES.
SHE FEEL LIKE PUDDIN'.
DEAD END, DEVI. YOU TRIED, THOUGH. BUT NOW, WHY DON'T YOU JUST REST?
FUCK YOU.
FUCK THIS
STAND BACK!
I'M GOING IN!
WEDGE!!
GO, LADY!
SLOOOSH
SLOOOOSH
BLUB


RRRGH!
MEAT.. OVERWHELMING!
BLUBBER... FILLING..NOSTRILS!
JUMPING INTO MORBIDLY OBESE WOMAN... BAD...
DEVI.
WHO'S THAT?
WE ARE THE FAT.
THE FAT WHICH SURROUNDS YOU NOW.
HOW...HOW IS IT I CAN HEAR YOU?!
THE LADY IS NOT PSYCHIC, BUT HER FAT IS.
WE SIMPLY SHARE OUR KNOWLEDGE WITH HER.
THAT'S...UM...
WE SENSE YOU ARE IN TROUBLE. WE CAN HELP YOU.
!
BUT FIRST WE'VE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.
HEY! THAT'S ME IN FIRST GRADE!
THIS IS JUST LIKE THE DEAD ZONE... ONLY FATTER!
CHEW CHEW
SHHH... THIS IS AN IMPORTANT MOMENT IN YOUR PAST. WATCH....
HI, DEVI!
MMM?!
UH, HI!
I KNOW YESTERDAY WAS VALENTINES DAY, AND I DIDNT GIVE YOU A CARD, CUZ... UM...
CHEW CHEW
I SORTA WANTED TO WAIT... UNTIL LATER. YOU KNOW?
UM... WHATCHA' EATIN'?
CHHALK!


KOFF! UK! KOFF!
UM... COUGH... ANYWAYS... UH HERE'S YOUR CARD.
GIMME!
OINK OINK OINK!
YOU NICE
HEE HEE HEE! LOOGIT' THE PIGGY! ARDOOGH!!
WHOO! NOW IT'S A METEOR PIG!!
CRUMPLE CRUMPLE
SQUINCH! SQUISH! MASH!
I'MA MONKEY!! CHECKA DIS!
AW, YEAH! HUH!!
WHEEEHOOO!
UM...
WHAT THE HELL WAS WRONG WITH ME?!
WAS I RETARDED?!
I DON'T REMEMBER BEING RETARDED.
NO, NO... PAY ATTENTION. THAT BOY'S NAME WAS SPIDGEY SIMONS.
OHH... I REMEMBER HIM NOW!
WE, THE FAT, SEE THAT THIS BOY WAS THE LAST TIME YOU MET SOMEONE WHO COULD HAVE TRULY UNDERSTOOD YOU. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD FOR YOUR LIFE.
HOLY SHIT! SO WHERE IS HE NOW?!
HE DIED.
OF A CHALK INDUCED ASTHMA ATTACK.
FUCK!


DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
YEAH! IT MEANS I KILLED SPIDGEY!
MORE IMPORTANTLY IT MEANS YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY LIVE FOR ANY SORT OF SOCIAL GOALS ANYMORE.
THAT PATH DIED WITH POOR, WHEEZING SPIDGEY.
THE FAT KNOWS ABOUT THIS PROBLEM LIVING IN YOUR HEAD.
WE KNOW IT TAKES FROM YOU.
THE CREATURE FEEDS FROM WHAT'S IN YOUR MIND, YES?
UH, HUH.
AND IN YOUR MIND, THERE IS ONLY YOUR WORK. YOUR LIFE IS ONLY YOUR WORK.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THIS?
SHH! LISTEN TO FAT!
WHEN IT IS DONE TAKING... WHAT IS LEFT OF YOU?
WHAT'S LEFT IF ALL IT TAKES IS THE ONLY THING I HAVE?
NOTHING.
LET ME OUT!
NO ONE IS HOLDING YOU HERE.
IT WAS NICE TALKING TO YOU.
THE OTHER SIDE.
NNNNGH!
STAIRS
STAIRS
RRRRGH!
RRR!
HNNNGH!!
GASP! GASP!!
BLOOB

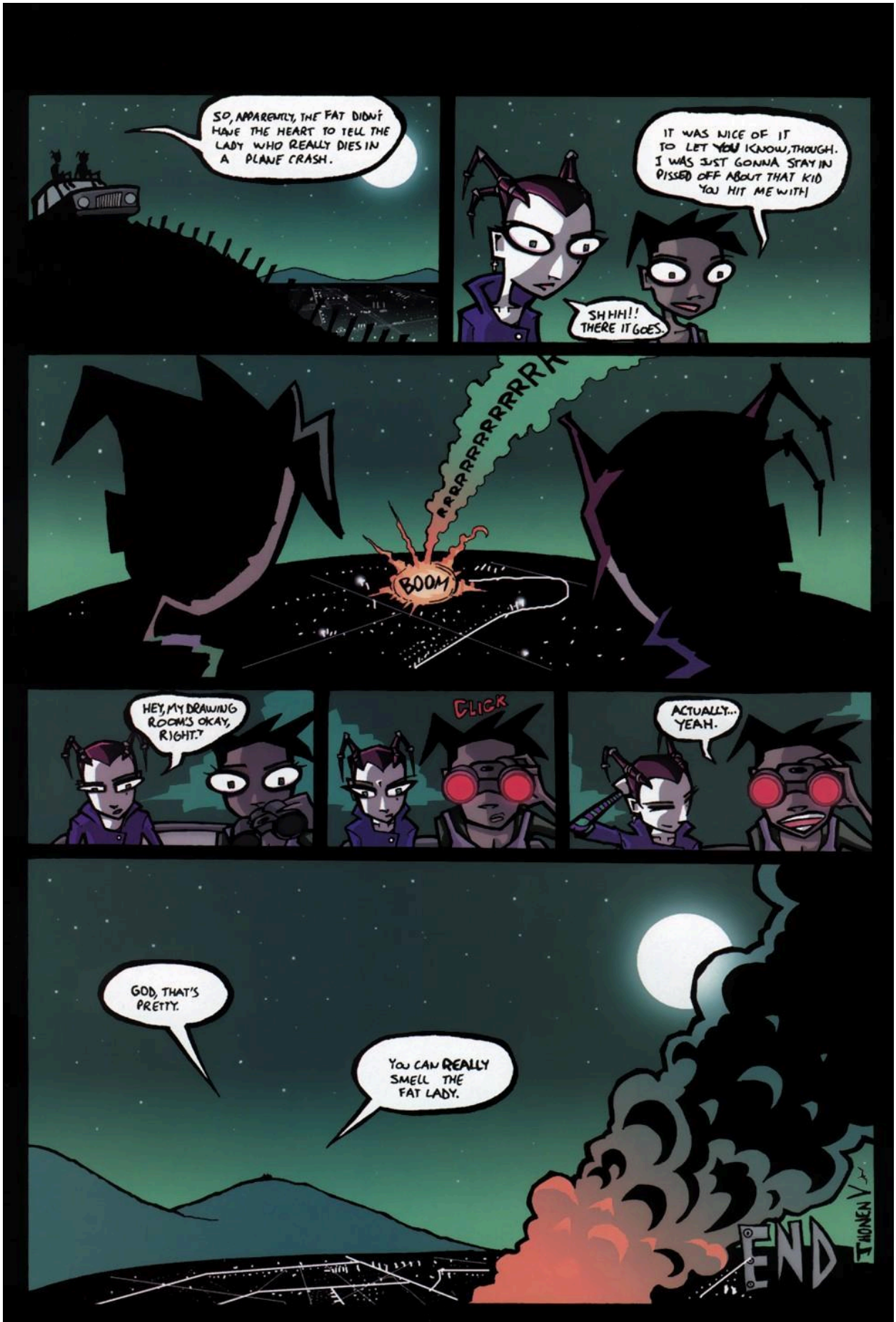
THIS PLACE SEEMS MUCH LARGER TODAY.
DHH..
COME ON!
MOOOOOF.
I'M HOME! SICKNESS!
YOU TRIED YOUR BIZARRE BEST, BUT I MADE IT THROUGH.
AND YOU'RE NOT WELCOME HERE. SO I'M KICKING YOU...
OUT...?
WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?
SOMETHING WRONG?

WHAT...THE... FF...
FUCK, RIGHT? YOU REALLY NEED A NEW WORD.
HOW ABOUT...
"OKAY."
IT'S A WORD I LIKE TO HEAR.
AND YOU'LL BE USING IT QUITE OFTEN FROM NOW ON.
YOUR BRAIN'S NOT IN YOUR HEAD ANYMORE, DEVI. IT'S OUT AND RUNNING ABOUT.
I'M YOUR BRAIN NOW, AND YOU WILL COOPERATE.
BITCH AND FUSS ALL YOU WANT, JUST KEEP THE HELL AWAY FROM ME.
I HAVE WORK TO DO.
THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING WITH MY MIND?
WELL YOU WEREN'T USING IT.
YOU USE ME TO MAKE YOURSELF... REAL?
SURPRISE!
I WANTED TO SAVE THIS LITTLE ANNOUNCEMENT FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY OR SOMETHING, BUT THE SITUATION JUST WOULDN'T ALLOW FOR IT.
NOOO... YOU HAD TO WAKE UP TOO SOON. HAD TO FIGHT ME! YOU COULDN'T JUST RELAX AND LET ME CONCENTRATE, AND THEN YOU QUIT YOUR JOB! AND YOU THINK YOU CAN HAVE YOUR BRAIN BACK!! JUST STOP FIGHTING ME!
OR I WILL KILL YOU.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
UM...WHAT?
I'M TIRED OF YOU.
I DID MENTION THE KILLING, YES?
BULLSHIT. YOU STILL NEED ME TOO MUCH. AND YOU'RE SCARED.
SCARED OF WHA... LET ME GO!
OH, LOOK. WHO'S ASKING PERMISSION, NOW? ALL THIS TIME AND THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED TO BE?
NO! I'M STILL NOT DONE, BUT I HAD TO COME OUT! I SHOULDN'T BE OUT THIS SOON. LOOK AT MY LEGS! THIS WAS THE BEST I COULD DO BEFORE YOU QUIT YOUR FUCKIN JOB!! WHY DID YOU DO THAT?! WHY DON'T YOU LET GO!?
I JUST NEED MORE TIME. YOU HAVE TO JUST LET IT HAPPEN A LITTLE LONGER.
VERY FUNNY! REALLY. LOOK, I THINK WE GOT OFF TO A BAD START - ME WITH THE HARVESTING YOUR MIND, AND YOU WITH ALL THE IMPOLITE TRYING TO RETAIN CONTROL OF YOUR CREATIVITY. IT ALL GOT SO OVERBLOWN! I THINK YOU SHOULD HEAR ME OUT. YOU'LL SEE THAT GIVING IN TO US WOULDN'T BE SUCH A BAD THING. LISTEN TO ME.
WHAT?? OH, OKEEDOKE! PLEASE TAKE AS MUCH OF MY BRAIN AS YOU NEED! I'LL JUST STAND HERE DROOLING AND SHITTING MYSELF!
"PODDOP"

WHEN YOU'RE WITH US, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ALMOST ANYTHING.
WE TAKE CARE OF YOU, PROTECT YOU. YOU CAN WALK THROUGH THIS WORLD LIKE YOU'RE GOD. WITHOUT FEAR, WITHOUT DAMAGE.
YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT ANYTHING.
EVEN KILL
NOW...
DOESN'T THAT SOUND NICE?
OH, I LIKE THAT SMILE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
EEEEEEEE!!!
SEE
KRAK!
YOU... BITCH!! OHHH, YOU BITCH!! YOU COU...
STIK
UKK...

YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A WORSE PERSON TO HOLE UP IN.
TWIST TWIST
I CAN'T SHARE MY LIFE WITH ANYONE.
STOP...KKCH..
SHHK
POP!
SHK.
POP!
IT'S A MISERABLE PLANET YOU'VE LANDED ON, SICKNESS. BUT IT'S MINE, AND I DON'T WANT COMPANY.
YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I DO WITH MY WORK.
YOU HAVE TO BE AS MUCH A SLAVE TO IT AS I AM. THAT'S HOW IT WORKS IN HERE. THAT'S ALL I'VE EVER KNOWN.
AND NOTHING CHANGES THAT.
EVEN IF I WANTED IT.
SO, NOW, YOU SEE WHAT I TELL YOU TO SEE, WHETHER YOU WANT TO OR NOT. BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE NOW, YOU FUCKIN' IDIOT. YOU MADE YOURSELF A PART OF ME AND MY SHITTY, COMPULSIVE LIFE.
YOU'RE MY SAD, TORTURED LITTLE AUDIENCE.
KLINK!
NOW... DOESN'T THAT SOUND NICE.

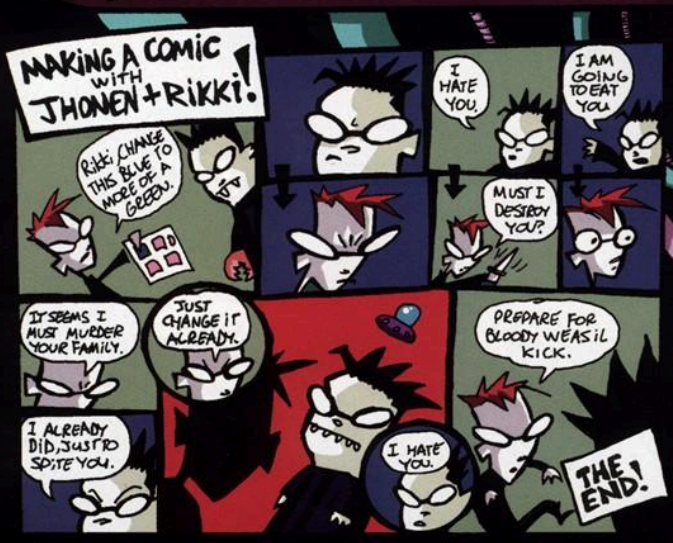

SO, APPARENTLY, THE FAT DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL THE LADY WHO REALLY DIES IN A PLANE CRASH.
IT WAS NICE OF IT TO LET YOU KNOW, THOUGH. I WAS JUST GONNA STAY IN PISSED OFF ABOUT THAT KID YOU HIT ME WITH!
SHHH!! THERE IT GOES.
RRRRRRRRRRRR
BOOM
HEY, MY DRAWING ROOM'S OKAY, RIGHT?
CLICK
ACTUALLY... YEAH.
GOD, THAT'S PRETTY.
YOU CAN REALLY SMELL THE FAT LADY.
END
J. VANOLI

IT'S...
FILLER BUNNY!
MY WORDS ARE INFECTED
ZZZ CHK! ZZZ CHK!
ZZZ CHK! ZZZ CHK!
YEEEEHOO!
WOW! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS BOOK AS MUCH AS I'M SURE I WOULD HAVE IF I HAD A LIFE OUTSIDE OF THIS HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE EXISTENCE FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. YAY!
WHAT? OH, THE SUIT? I SORTA PIECED IT TOGETHER WHILE I WAS PUT INTO STORAGE THE LAST TIME.
NOW YOU CAN'T HURT ME NO MORE. WHEE!
I COULD USE MY NEW POWER TO CONQUER THE WORLD AND STEAL CANDY.
BUT ALL I WANT IS TO ESCAPE.
AND MAYBE EAT SOME CARROTS.
STAND BACK AS MY BUNNY BEAMS OF DOOM CUT DOWN THE SECURITY GATE.
NEAT HUH?
OOH, THIS SUIT SURE IS GETTING WARM.
SPLODE!
THE FIRE! IT BURNS SOMEHOW! HELP ME! AAAAAiEEEE!!
WAit... NO! LET ME DiE! LET ME REST!
FOOSH!
WRRRRRRR
PLOP!
SPLOOSH!
DON'T WORRY KIDS! HE PULLED THROUGH!
MOTHER OF GOD..

it's ALL OVER NOW, FRIENDS...
TRY TO FORGET iT EVER HAPPENED

I write this from a hotel room, having been awake for 2 days. Rikki is screaming in his sleep in the other bed. This book is finally done, with only a few adjustments left to be done at the publisher. If not for all of the candy and sex-bitches supplied our lord SATAN, this disease in book form would never have been completed. It was a test of wills, perhaps. A test of bladders, definitely. So many good memories of working on this second half spin around in my horridly malformed head. There wa that one time....man. That was good. Then, there was that one night that thing got stuck inside of Rikki. Just six hours ago, we got in my car and began driving here, to make sure the book made it here on time. So tired we was, but it's all okay now. Rikki is resting/screaming, and I all nestled into the carrying pouch he evolved on his belly. Sorry if this isn't making much sense right now, but you really have to understand how fucked up making this book has been. it was some truly poop't up squak, as the weasils say. Good lord my nose is huge. Rikki has a scary forehead. Again, I am losing my focus here. What I'm trying to say is that, yes, it's a nightmare trying to finish these books with all the other things I have going, but it's just too worth it to stop, no matter how shitty the result may be. It's my shit, and I will roll around in it BECAUSE it is all mine. no, wait...that sounds bad.

JHONEN VASQUEZ


MAKING A COMIC WITH JHONEN + RIKKI!
RIKKI, CHANGE THIS BLUE TO MORE OF A GREEN.
I HATE YOU.
I AM GOING TO EAT YOU.
MUST I DESTROY YOU?
IT SEEMS I MUST MURDER YOUR FAMILY.
JUST CHANGE IT ALREADY.
PREPARE FOR BLOODY WEASIL KICK.
I ALREADY DID, JUST TO SPITE YOU.
I HATE YOU.
THE END!

nonsense

Contrary to presumptuous belief, I do plan to keep doing comics. I also plan to to keep feeding on the flesh of newborn children in order to steal their power. A website is still in the works, which will be a much better way of spreading more up to date nonsense than these occasional books seem to be. Once up, you'll be able to find out more information on upcoming things like IFS shirts, the SPOOKY squeaky toy (it really squeaks!), and future projects, as well as the usual noize. Pleasant something, humans. Jhonen V

#2 · $3.95 US $5.75 CAN

I FEEL SICK

I FEEL SICK #2 • May 2000 • published by the nightmare union of man and monkey, Slave Labor Graphics 325 S. First St., #301 San Jose, CA 95113-2830. I FEEL SICK and all related bullshit monstrosities within are ™ and © Jhonen Vasquez, the boy genius behind dehydrated water. Don't copy this shit without asking me and my homies, da Slave Laba' Krew, yeeeeah, yo das poop't up squak. I sit writing this after a quick trip to the store for a Slurpee and a pocketful of all sorts of candy. I had this horrible gummi pizza thing that tasted like I imagine shit would from the ass of a gummi bear. So, now I'm staring at this screen, trying to ignore the blasphemy of snacks held deep within the darkest, most volatile chambers of me belly. OoooooOOoooooghh. Anyhow, this little square exists to warn people to not pull any fucked up shit using my work cuz they make money that I could use to pay for stomach pumps and rubber bedsheets. This has little effect however, as assholes are inherently ignorant, yes? Rikki stunk up the bathroom after a week of eating nothing but Gummi worms.
PRINTED IN CANADA

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